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Born Into SCIENTOLOGY May 1976
Enslaved for a Billion Years, January 1995
Escaped the Prison Camp November 2002

How to summarize what it means to be born into a mind control fever dream created by a perverted failed science fiction writer?

For me it was being born into the real world, where I went to public schools surrounded by “normal” people who went to church at known and respected religious services weekly. Thinking in my mind that they were lost. That they were destined to succumb to the wrath of the universe merely because they didn’t know the “truth”. They didn’t know the real secrets of the universe. Instead they were “dramatizing an implant” by continuing to worship Jesus since he was never real. A creation made to enslave people to this planet. To keep them trapped. I felt pity and sympathy for my friends. I wanted them to know what I knew to be true.

I wanted them to be free from every irrational thought like me. Imagine being that arrogant at 14. Thinking that you were superior in every way to everyone around you because you had undergone mental indoctrination to believe that you were perfect. This belief led me to desire to be more in Scientology for my whole life. I would meet with recruiters starting at age 8 telling me that I was 100% a last lifetime member and that I should come home. I pledged myself over and over again to that cause. To saving all of mankind and the universe because I was told that if I didn’t I would be personally responsible for millions of people dying. That my laziness by having interest and desire to play basketball, be in the school plays, go on trips, to become a search and rescue officer for the fire department, were “Off Purpose”. That I might help a few people doing those things, but by being a part of the stolen valor fake space navy I would save millions of people. That there was no higher calling on planet Earth. Nothing that I could do would create any impact at all other than pledging myself for a billion years to them.

At the age of 18 I did. I signed my final Billion Year “contract” at the Chateau Elyse on Franklin and Bronson in Hollywood. The Chateau is the ultimate bait and switch for Scientology and in my opinion is the reason David Miscavige is OBSESSED with buying rundown buildings at a low cost, using that purchase as a fundraising gimmick & then fundraising again for the “renovations” of those rundown buildings so that he might one day catch up with the real estate holdings of the Catholic Church. The inside and outside of the Chateau are ornate and pretty, at first glance.

It is all fake. It is a dilapidated building held together with new coats of paint, wishes and dreams. Lafayette commented on its purchase in the 70s by saying, "Who the hell bought that WHITE ELEPHANT??" An average day working for the stolen valor fake space navy at the Chateau would be waking up in the cockroach, mice infested, crumbling building on the corner of Selma and Wilcox in Hollywood (which is now Mama Shelter Los Angeles a hotel) in my dorm, that housed between 4-12 people depending on how many bunks they could fit in there. No dressers. No closet. Just old, rusty WWII bunk beds with broken springs that poked through the mattress that was practically as old. Hurrying through the bathroom to get dressed and walking the mile plus from Selma and Wilcox all the way to Franklin where the Chateau was.

This was in freezing cold, rain, 100+ temperatures. The building itself was cracked from multiple earthquakes with crumbling staircases. Emergency balconies that didn't have a working ladder, and cockroaches. There was not a morning that went by that we all didn't perform a shoe check to make sure they weren't in there.

On arrival at the Chateau running down to the basement where the billion year indentured servants food quarters are, shoveling some cold eggs and toast down so that you were fed. Stand in a formation for muster. This was to receive your morning screaming, I mean briefing. Mostly it was a group dressing down at all your inadequate actions. This meeting is performed 3 times daily in a large group. The screaming and degradation wasn't reserved for just then. Every conversation, every facial expression, every interaction was up for immediate reprisal; from your manager, from your coworker, from even the paying believers. You are not safe anywhere. And if you didn't immediately respond the way your attacker desired, you would get reported. That report would result in an interrogation and degradation session. If that wasn't satisfactory, which it often wasn't, you would be designated as one of various forms of lower life form. You would be made to publicly apologize and beg each member that you worked with permission back into good standing by completing all of your regular duties as well as a self degradation program, performed publicly that would tell your fellow indentured servants that you had realized you were bad and would they please allow you to be treated as a regular person once again.

These types of punishment are doled out weekly. Week to week you would never know where you stood.

Food was also used as a punishment. If you didn't make your quota of work in your 70+ hour work week not only would you be denied any time off, you would be fed cold beans and rice 3 meals a day. You are not allowed to go and purchase other food when you are under that kind of enforced diet.

If you are caught, the punishment gets worse. Sleep deprivation was rampant. 24 hour work periods could last 4 days. No sleep for days to make sure you sell enough copies of "Aye Pedrito" to make it a NYT best seller for David Miscavige. That wasn't just a one off. Those types of scenarios occurred in every organization across planet earth weekly. So that your meaningless statistic would be MORE than the week before.

At the Chateau we knew that if we didn't make \$125,000 PER WEEK we would not be paid. Full pay for a stolen valor fake space navy indentured servant is \$47.32 AFTER TAXES. If you were under punishment of any kind you would receive HALF PAY.

There are no medical staff of any kind. There is no medical insurance. Going to the doctor is discouraged for all ailments unless you are SEVERELY INJURED OR ILL. When you become ill you are put into "Isolation". Usually a bare room with a mattress on the floor. With no blankets, pillow, food or anything. The non medically certified or schooled person assigned the task of tending to the welfare of the others would check on you once a day to bring you some water, a meal and vitamins. They would also bring the message from your manager about how your absence was causing severe distress and harming your entire department.

I was sent to the hard labor reprogramming camp for kissing a girl. For being gay. Before starting this hard labor/prison camp you are handed an Affidavit to sign. If you attempt to read the whole thing as I did you are rushed through it and told that it says you are voluntarily doing this camp and that you can leave ANY time. A security guard who conveniently is also a notary public stamps it and hold that document in Security. You never see that again.

Conditions in that camp were even worse conditions than what I was already existing in. The dorms were more full. 32 people to a room on triple bunks. Jr High Size lockers to put your uniform of grey shirts and black jeans in. Your hygiene kit and nothing else. You are not allowed to have pictures of your friends, family or anything from the outside world. You are not allowed to speak to anyone, even people you worked with for years, family, ANYONE outside of the program unless you are spoken to first. If your family does manage to write to you, it is read first and anything troubling is redacted before you see it. Then you are interrogated about WHY they want to write to you or see you and you are directed to "Handle" them so that they "Know" you are ok and they don't have to try to contact you again.

If .god forbid, they should CALL you, that call is listened to by no less than 3 other people. You know every non optimal answer will result in punishment for you and any hesitation or variation in your voice will get you additional interrogations on the Scientology lie detector.

Food is brought out and people fight for it. Literally. Pushing and showing each other desperately grabbing at burger patties, tearing them in half because there isn't enough. You work 15 hours a day, 10 doing hard manual labor. Running everywhere in steel toe boots and your full tool belt on. Construction mostly. No PPE, No safety. Minimal instructions, just GET IT DONE YESTERDAY. When you don't achieve the swiftness required you are to drop and do 50 push ups on the spot or run a mile. If you are constantly messing up then you are thrown overboard. Since we were on land there was no body of water to toss us in so you would have to stand in a trash can while multiple people dumped buckets of ice water on you. Then you had to clean up the "mess" that you had created with no help from anyone else. Wash, rinse, repeat daily. None of your thoughts belong to you. Everything you think, say, do look at, etc is confessed over and over during your 5 hours of Interrogation daily.

I endured this for nearly 3 years. I ran away. I begged a panel of my peers at the Chateau to let me leave, telling them that I was the most wretched person on planet earth and I could never be reformed or reform another. They approved my dismissal. I did not know this.

The person in charge of this prison concentration camp, Alex Meyer, kept this approval from me for 3 months while I was coerced forcibly by breaking my mental will, torturing me to stay. When I told Alex I would stay he triumphantly pulled my approved dismissal out of his bottom drawer saying, "I knew you would change your mind." I had asked DAILY about the status of that and he lied to me for months saying it wasn't there.

Shortly after this I was accused, falsely, of trying to seduce a woman because I told her a joke while we were working and Alex observed us laughing. While being interrogated, I said to my inquisitor that I wasn't going to participate. This wasn't correct and I wasn't going to answer the insane questions I was being asked. I tried to put my shoes on to leave. They were taken from me. I tried to leave without my shoes. I was shoved down into my chair repeatedly by multiple people then two people at once. I began to yell. I told them I was leaving. As I walked to the door an additional 5 people appeared all telling me that I could not leave. Blocking the door and putting their hands on me. I kept trying to walk forward. They started pulling me to the ground. Laying on top of me pushing me to the ground. I was kicking and screaming, thrashing about on the floor. I got one hand free and banged frantically on the door. Someone started to open it from the other side. As it opened toward me, everyone lying on top of me screaming to close it I was gripping the edge of the door using every ounce of my will and strength to open it. The other person seeing a dog pile of people and me on the ground was aghast and when they pushed more I pulled the door open, kicked people off me and ran.

In my stupor I ran to the place I thought I would be safe, Security. Where I had a friend, Alex Duvall, and I thought he would help me. I grabbed the phone on the wall on Catalina screaming hysterically into the video phone and Alex came on, and said, "STOP BLEEDING ON MY PHONE!" I put my hand to my face, not knowing yet that my nose was partially broken and gushing blood. My feet were scraped and bloodied from being held down on a hard concrete floor covered in a 1/4 inch carpet that was stiff and firm.

I was brought upstairs to the other Alex's office we yelled at each other and I confronted him on the interrogation he had ordered. He admitted it was an over reach and got a different person to "complete" the interrogation.

The next morning my supervisor, Caroline Mustard, standing 1 inch from my face screamed at me for 20 minutes straight about what an absolute worthless piece of shit I was and told me through her cigarette stank breath and spittle that the entire world and especially her would be better off if I were dead. I began to cry uncontrollably. I wandered back bawling to the second floor where I lived and went to the supply closet, got some cleaning material and began scrubbing the walls. I honestly don't know how long I was doing that. I remember various people coming to me to scream at me repeating the same thing she had said and not once did I stop crying nor did anyone attempt to help me.

After hours, I knew that I was done. But there was nothing for me. I was useless. I was a burden. I was worthless. And I could never leave. They wouldn't let me. No matter how I tried. I walked into the supply closet and locked myself in there. I picked up a pair of scissors and tried cutting my wrists, but they were dull. So I poured myself a cup of bleach, paused to say through tears, "I'm sorry mom" and then drank. I fell backwards out of the closet gasping for air, thinking my throat was going to disintegrate right then. The floor guard who had watched me for hours scrubbing and bawling got up and ran to me. I pointed to the bleach in answer to his "WHAT HAPPENED??" question and he ran to call all the people.

Once I stopped retching and throwing up I was put in a chair in a room out of sight away from everyone and handed a carton of milk to "neutralize" the bleach. They asked if I was Ok after an hour and I weakly and hoarsely said no. After another hour I was put in a car and driven from L Ron Hubbard Way to the Chevron station on Los Feliz and Vermont. I waited in the car while the medical person, Quinn Tauffer, made a call to Dr Megan Shields, who was a devout believer as well as a Doctor and located on Fountain mere blocks from where the building where it happened. She refused to treat me. She said she would not see me because I had tried to kill myself.. She told Quinn to take me to Olive View Medical Center in Sylmar, a 45 minute drive from LA.

On the way there Quinn had me rehearse over and over again my “story” for the ER doctors. Quinn accompanied me everywhere in the ER. When I told the doctor my very well rehearsed story that I confused a water bottle for a similar bottle that contained bleach I was using to clean with, the doctor asked me, “Is that the story you’re going with?” I looked at Quinn who squeezed my arm and then back at the doctor and said yes. They did an X Ray and said I would need rest and take it easy on the foods for a bit. But I was lucky as I hadn’t permanently damaged my esophagus.

We then drove around for a few hours as I was not allowed on the grounds because I was a security threat. Finally we went to the Extended Stay America in Burbank. The Security Chief, Alex Duvall met us there in full rent-a-cop uniform, kevlar vest and all, to check me in. Three additional prison camp members were placed in this room with me to watch me 24/7. I wasn’t allowed to go to the bathroom without someone standing in front of me watching me the entire time. I wasn’t allowed to shower. I had to take a bath and one of them watched me do that. THE ENTIRE TIME. Two nights passed and then at 9pm there were flashing lights from what appeared to be a cop car and a siren screaming in the parking lot then over the loud speaker, “NORA SOVA COME OUTSIDE” repeatedly. I ran outside to see the prison camp supervisor doing slow motion donuts in the parking lot lights and sirens blaring. He skidded to a stop near me, rolled down the window and smugly said, “So are you going to knock off all this drama and come back and finish the program or what?”

I was floored. Everything was flashing through my mind. Every single tortuous moment from the last 8 years and I thought, they’re never going to let me leave. I can NEVER LEAVE. I almost said OK, let’s go. But I paused long enough to let my will come back to me and said, “No Alex. I am done. I am leaving.” He said, “FINE be that way then!” Angrily shoved my hands off the window of the car and sped off almost running over my feet in the process. The next morning the security chief Alex Duvall came to pick me up. We drove in silence back to LA. Dropped off the prison camp members, picked up my remaining belongings that hadn’t been stolen from storage and went to the building on the corner of Ivar and Hollywood Blvd where the gestapo wing of the fake space navy has an office. Took the elevator up to one of the upper floors and into a conference room with a dozen people, a camera pointed at me and a legal paper where I was made to sign away my rights to lawsuit and say I was leaving voluntarily and that I would be fined \$10K for every time I said something disparaging about Scientology or any of its entities. I wanted to leave. I don’t remember a word of it. I looked in the camera and repeated whatever they told me. I was broken and afraid.

Alex drove me to my parents house, took my things out of the trunk and left me. My pops, Harry, hugged me and took me inside and fed me a sandwich. He was never a Scientologist and didn’t understand or know what was happening or how it worked.

I sat on their couch and waited for my mom to come home from her day long indoctrination time on L Ron Hubbard Way. I did not know if she would want me, an abject failure and literal worst person on Earth in her home.

She didn't notice me at first when she came in. Just started doing her usual, taking off her coat talking to Harry and asking about dinner. She stopped mid sentence and said, "What are you doing here?" I started crying and said, "I am home Mom." She asked, "Are you home, Home or just visiting?" Asking if I had run away again or had I finally left in a way that wouldn't get either of us in trouble as if someone had her home bugged. I said, "I am home, HOME." Then we were both crying. She hugged me so tight.

My healing wouldn't start until years later. And is still going on today.

There is not a day that goes by that these moments don't flash through my mind at least once. These moments of torture are in my DNA. I am forever changed by them. Scientology does not help anyone or change them for the better. Scientology is not a religious experience or a religion. The only people who have ever changed as a result of Scientology are the ones that have left and have never come back.

My story isn't the only one.

My story isn't the worst one.

Some didn't make it to today to tell theirs.

Please listen to the survivors.